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University High School Annual

Published by

The Senior Class

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Volume Ten

University of Illinois High School
Urbana, Illinois

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Dedication

LIESETTE JANE MCHARRY

"To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

—THOMSEN.

Foreword

The Class of 1931 presents this Senior Annual in commemoration of four happy years spent at University High School. To the instructors who have directed our study and recreations, to the friends who have shared our labors and pleasures, and to the classmates who stand together on the threshold of a new beginning, we present this—our book of memory.

THE STAFF.

WILLIAM RAPP—*Editor-in-Chief*

REX NEWCOMB—*Business* BARBARA KNIPP—*Art*

EDITH LYTLE—*Circulation*

MARTHA RUSK—*Calendar* DOLLY CARSON—*Calendar*

NITAJANE LANHAM—*Literary*

ELIZABETH PICKELS—*Society* VIRGINIA HUFF—*Society*

WALT ENGER—*Snaps*

CHARLOTTE TUTTLE—*Sports* VIRGINIA WOOD—*Jokes*

To casual eye a lovely thing
Of graceful line and ordered stone;
To us, far more than this—a world
Where we have laughed and worked and grown.

—MARJORIE DIEZ, U. of I. '31.

Facultō
MDolch

L. W. WILLIAMS
Principal
"My love is the law of the school."

E. B. LYTLE
Department of Mathematics
"Conversation is a game of circles."

H. G. PAUL
Department of English
"I feel a poem in my heart tonight."

C. C. GULLETTE
Department of Languages
"Tongues, tongues for me, for my joy! more tongues!"

W. S. ANGUS
Coach
"Go forth and run,
The race is to the brave."

MARIE BOYSEN
Latin
"Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus."

J. R. BYERLEY
Science
"Science does not know its debt to imagination."

PAULINE CHANGNON
French
"She's all my fancy painted her."

EDITH M. DAVIS
Mathematics
"A merry heart goes all the day."

R. T. GREGG
Industrial Arts
"Nothing endures but personal qualities."

H. H. BRAUCHER
Industrial Arts
"Would that all did so, as well as I."

WILLIAM HABBERTON
History
"History teaches everything,
Even the future."

W. E. HARNISH
Science
"A poor life this if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."

MABEL HAGAN
Commercial
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

ALICE JACOBY
English
"Sweet are thoughts
That savor of content."

R. M. HOLMES
Music
"Sing we for love and idleness."

VELMA KITCHELL
Music
"O magic of a song!"

LIESETTE J. McHARRY
English
"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought."

MATA SMITH
English
"This world is all a fleeting show."

JESSIE STRANG
Physical Education
"A blue eye is a true eye."

EVALENE SULLIVAN
Librarian
"A great thing is a great book."

HELEN TAYLOR
Mathematics
"My mind to me a kingdom is."

FRANCES WILSON
History
"If I could write the beauty of your eyes."

LOUISE ZILLY
Art
"A picture is a poem without words."

RUTH DALRYMPLE
Secretary
"Let me be deft and debonair,
I am content, I do not care."

ANNA B. ROBINSON
Home Economics
"To take things as they be—
That's my philosophy."

Seniors
Knipp

OPAL LORAINE BRINKLEY *"Shorty"*

Champaign High School

"Do gentlemen prefer blondes?"

LEWIS EUGENE BURLISON *"Louie"*

Urbana High School

"Sometimes he sits and thinks,
And sometimes he just sits."

"Icebound"; Orchestra, President; Commencement Committee.

WILLIAM W. COFFEEN *"Billy"*

"A man after his own heart and one other."

"Icebound"; Thimble Theatre Guild, Secretary; "The Forfeit"; Hi-Y, Vice-President; Glee Club, Vice-President; Basketball; Track; Commencement Committee; Farewell Address; Printing Manager.

DOROTHY CARSON *"Dolly"*

"Oh, and the way she arched her eye was simply unbelievable."

"Icebound"; Calendar Editor; Thimble Theatre Guild, "The Trysting Place"; Girl Reserve; Class Prophecy.

VIRGINIA ELLEN DOWNS *"Ginny"*

Urbana High School

"It's all right to be good, but you miss a lot of fun."

"Icebound"; Girl Reserve.

MELVILLE L. COMBS *"Mel"*

Champaign High School

"Time, I dare you discover,
Such a youth and such a lover."

Class Secretary; Thimble Theatre Guild; Basketball; Class Day Committee.

WALTER M. ENGER *"Walt"*

"A girl, a car, a gallon of gas;
What more could I ask—than more gas?"

"Icebound"; Snaps Editor; Thimble Theatre Guild, "The Forfeit," "The Trysting Place"; Hi-Y; Glee Club, President; Orchestra, Librarian; Commencement Committee; Class Will; Printing Manager.

Virginia Downs

DORIS JOSEPHINE ENGERUD *"Dorie"*

Detroit High School

"There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl."

RICHARD ENSIGN *"Dick"*

Classen High School, Oklahoma City.

"Valor consists in the power of self-recovery."

Class Prophecy.

JANE LOUISE GORDON

"Zealous, yet modest."

Girl Reserve, Vice-President; Thimble Theatre Guild, Treasurer; Glee Club, President; Commencement Committee.

JEANNE GRIMES

Champaign High School

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

"Icebound"; Thimble Theatre Guild; Dramatic Declamation; Class Will.

MARY KATHERINE HANSEN

"In doing what we ought, we deserve no praise, because it is our duty."

VIRGINIA B. HUFF

"I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear."

Society Editor; Thimble Theatre Guild; Girl Reserve; Glee Club; Class Day Committee.

RALPH JACK HUFFER

"Fightin' Joe Hooker"

Urbana High School

"I keep walking around myself,
Mouth open with amazement."

BARBARA MATILDA KNIPP *"Bobbie"*

"What a true artist she is!"

Art Editor; Girl Reserve, Secretary; Glee Club, Vice-President.

NITAJANE LANHAM *"Nita"*

Urbana High School

"Really, my dear, it's a plague to be a popular woman."

Class Treasurer; Class Poet; Literary Editor; Glee Club; Invitations Committee.

CHARLES LARABEE *"Chuck"*

Mendota High School

"Why should I care?"

FLOYD KENNETH LONG *"Shorty"*

Urbana High School

"There he stands, like a stone wall."

Basketball; Tennis.

EDITH LYTLE

"But then, good grades are not everything."

Circulation Manager; Girl Reserves; Thimble Theatre Guild; Glee Club, "The Nifty Shop"; Commencement Committee; Welcome.

ALBERTA McCLARA *"Sunshine"*

Urbana High School

"Another one of those innocent looks that somebody else should have had."

FRANCIS H. MUNS *"Red"*

Pesotum High School

"Just an old Pesotum custom."

Basketball; Hi-Y.

Edith Lytle

ALMA MAUDE MOORE

Flat Rock High School

"Is modesty the best policy?"

REXFORD NEWCOMB *"Rex"*

"Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar."

Business Manager; Thimble Theatre Guild. "The Forfeit," "The Trysting Place"; Hi-Y. President; Glee Club; Basketball; Extempore; Hatchet Oration; Invitations Committee; Printing Manager.

CLAUDE K. PEGUES

Crystal City High School

"Love may do strange things, but I have my doubts."

ELIZABETH CHAPLAIN PICKELS

"Pickels"

"It's much easier to be critical than be correct —for I am nothing if not critical."

"Icebound"; Society Editor; Thimble Theatre Guild. "Will of the Wisp"; Girl Reserve; Class Will.

MARTHA HARTLEY RUSK

"I never trouble trouble; trouble troubles me."

"Icebound"; Calendar Editor; Thimble Theatre Guild; Girl Reserve. Treasurer.

WILLIAM E. RAPP *"Bill"*

"My only books—were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."

"Icebound"; Editor-in-Chief; Thimble Theatre Guild; Hi-Y, Secretary-Treasurer; Basketball; Track; Tennis; Class Prophecy.

MARTHA EMMA SHANK *"Cricket"*

"Plain without pomp; rich without a show."

MARGERY V. TRICKEY *"Marge"*

"She varied and colored it, and that was painting."

Class Prophecy.

CHARLOTTE HOPE TUTTLE *"Tut"*

"A rose-bud; but set with wi'fu! little thorns."

Sports Editor; Thimble Theatre Guild. "The Trysting Place"; Girl Reserve; Glee Club. "The Nifty Shop."

WILLIAM JOHN ROSS *"Bill"*

Champaign High School

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Class Vice-President.

VERNON W. SUTTON *"Verne"*

Champaign High School

"Hats off! Here comes the president!"

Class President; Track; Invitations Committee.

VIRGINIA WOOD *"Ginny"*

Kokomo High School

"A jolly young lassie who's always grinning,
Some man's heart she'll soon be winning."

Thimble Theatre Guild; Girl Reserve, President; Class Day Committee.

MARIALICE BREEDLOVE

Urbana High School

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

PAUL EDWIN MURDOCK

Urbana High School

"Be silent always, when you doubt your sense."

MARY MARGARET OLDHAM

"Oh, mama, mama, why don't the boys propose?"

"Icebound."

Virginia Wood

CHESTER V. PARKHILL *"Chet"*

Champaign High School

"I regret that I have but one life to spend in this school."

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

Parent-Teachers and Class Day Banquet

Friday, June 5, 6 p. m.

High School Gymnasium

President's Welcome . . . . . Vernon Sutton
Parents' Response . . . . . Mrs. Little
Class History . . . . . Jane Gordon
Class Poem . . . . . Nitajane Lanham
Class Will . . . . . Walter Enger, Elizabeth Pickels, Jeanne Grimes, Lewis Burlison
Class Prophecy . . . . . Dolly Carson, Margery Trickey, Dick Ensign, William Rapp
Hachet Oration . . . . . Rex Newcomb
Junior Response . . . . . Walter Draper
Music

Baccalaureate Sermon

Sunday, June 7, 8 p. m.

High School Gymnasium

Processional, "Marche Romaine" (*Gounod*) . . . . . Orchestra
Invocation . . . . . Reverend Bernard J. Brinkema

Sunday, June 7, 8 p. m.

Chorus, "Sapphische Ode" (*Brahms*) . . . . . Mixed Chorus
Scripture . . . . . Reverend Bernard J. Brinkema
Contra Bass Solo, "Valse Miniature" (*Koussevitzky*) . Lewis Burlison
Sermon . . . . . Dr. A. L. Sachar
Vocal Solo, "If I Were a Voice" (*Woodbury*) . . Virginia Huff
Benediction . . . . . Reverend Bernard J. Brinkema

Commencement

Thursday, June 11, 8 p. m.

High School Gymnasium

Processional, "Priests March" (*Mendelssohn*) . . . . Orchestra
Invocation . . . . . Reverend Robt. J. Locke
Chorus, "Marianina" (*Italian Folk Song*) . . . . Mixed Chorus
Welcome . . . . . Edith Lytle
Piano Solo, "Pizzicato Valse" (*Schutt*) . . Alberta McClara
Commencement Address . . . Reverend Georges S. Cooke
Chorus, "Piper June" (*Carew*) . . . . . Girls' Chorus
Farewell . . . . . William W. Coffeen
Presentation of Diplomas . . . . . Walter Scott Monroe, Acting Dean of the College of Education
Benediction . . . . . Reverend Robt. J. Locke
Recessional, "Blue and Orange" (*Moore*) . . . . Orchestra

A WISH

I cannot give you much, but hear my gift;
It is the best for all, if it come true.
I'm sending to the gods a wish;
A fortune, Class, I hold for you.

I wish you happiness,—swift, fleeting
Joys that hold the heart enthralled
And caught enmeshed in shading danger,
That changes swift and never falls.

I wish you adventure, questing, clinging;
Darting, soaring, flames of love.
I wish you gypsy hearts that sing
In mad refrains to stars above.

I wish you sorrow—racking, tearing,
Purging, cleansing, fire-white,
That, snatching tearless at your soul strings,
Keeps you waking taut each night.

I wish you memories, long-creeping
Through years with strivings to forget;
Remembrance with tearlets falling,
That brings you pain, but ne'er regret.

I wish, if all this host attend you,
To leave you mellowed in release
From petty trivial things about you.
I wish the gods may give you peace.

NITAJANE LANHAM.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '31

Four years ago last September, the Class of '31 entered the University High School for the first time. We were not a large class, yet the seniors declared that a freshman could be seen in any part of the building, at any time. It grew so bad that Mr. Williams announced there would be no more running or yelling in the halls. By this time we had been properly squelched, so we settled down to the election of officers. William Rapp was president; John Anderson, vice-president; Jean Stiven, secretary; and Elizabeth Pickels, treasurer. Mrs. Chase and Miss Carrol acted as able advisers. On Friday, April 13, the freshmen had their party which was pronounced a great success even by the seniors. For the benefit of those who didn't dance, special entertainment was offered during the intermissions. This was something new and so was enjoyed by everyone.

During the three months vacation, we blossomed out anew. Those green freshmen entered the same building as sophisticated sophomores. Seniors as well as freshmen were "high hatted" by the Class of '31. Again we were properly squelched, and again we elected our class officers. We were honored by the following: Walter Enger, president; Elinor Wilson, vice-president; Dolly Carson, secretary; and Elizabeth Pickles, treasurer. Miss Duguid and Mrs. Wilson were selected as our advisers. Christmas vacation was celebrated by our party. We went to a great deal of trouble to keep up our reputation obtained through last year's party, and we did it, too.

As upper classmen we behaved very nicely. The first notable thing that we did was to elect officers. Elizabeth Pickels had performed her duties as treasurer for two years so well that she was elected president, with Virginia Wood and Dolly Carson acting as secretary and treasurer. Charlotte Tuttle was our vice-president after Henry Keller dropped out of school. Our party was a Thanksgiving one, held on November 28 in the Attic. It was reported that a "good time was had by all." After this enterprise our funds were pretty low so candy and Eskimo pie sales were held more often. As another means of making money, the junior stunt show was given. It was found that the Class of '31 had several authors and actors, as the show was written and coached by the juniors themselves. The junior-senior banquet was quite a success, with the aid of Miss Kitchell and Mr. Habberton, our class advisers. A banquet was served at the Urbana Country Club, and a dance was held afterward.

Our last year, and we regret it, too! But in spite of this fact time goes on, and we are forced to elect new officers. Vernon Sutton is the new president; William Ross, vice-president; Mel Combs, secretary; and Nitajane Lanham, treasurer. The first party of the year was our Hallowe'en frolic. We were quite honored by having permission to hold the first party in the New Gym. The place took twice as many decorations, but it was twice as pretty. Corn stalks, pumpkins, and black cats were seen peering out from the various corners. Candy and apples were hidden in the corn stalks, but the secret was kept until the decorating committee had eaten all they could find. Later in the year, our ambitious treasurer, Nitajane Lanham, undertook a bridge party. It was not as successful as we had hoped, but a few pennies were added to our funds, and every penny counts. Still later the senior class, with the generous help of Miss Smith, presented "Icebound." But now, our time is up and we, the Class of '31, must pass on. O, Uni High, although we may not be a vital part of you, you shall always be a part of us and shall often live again in our pleasant hall of memories.

JANE GORDON '31.

WELCOME

"Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way."—BRYANT.

Tonight we have reached the top of one of the slopes of the mountain of life. This slope has been our high school years. Before we aspire to a higher mountain level, we pause to look back on the trail over which we have just passed. As freshmen entering University High School we saw our trail stretching on and on before us; and yet we were courageous enough to look forward to the time when we should reach the top of the slope. As seniors leaving University High School we think the trail seems very short—too short, in fact, for we have had many pleasant associations along the way which we are loath to leave behind us.

Each year of our climbing has brought its delights and its struggles. We are happy to recall our hardships and our trials, our joys and our pleasures as we take this last glimpse of high school days. Outstanding among our early experiences are the first days we spent in the library trying to get used to finding information for ourselves as the upperclassmen did; our first appearance on the program for a high school assembly; the plays and the operettas in which we participated; and the time and effort we put forth to dress the attic stage for our performances. We shall long remember the friendships which we started with fellow students in the locker rooms, where we heard much gossip about the leading characters of the school.

Important as the Class of '31 seems tonight, we should not have attained our goal had it not been for the loyalty and support of students, teachers, and parents. The students from other classes showed their loyalty to us by supporting our varied projects. The teachers have given much of their valuable time to help us plan and work out many of our undertakings. Parents have never failed us at the time we needed them most. Without the loyalty of these three groups, much of our climbing might have resulted in failure.

Tonight we receive the reward for our four years' climb, our diplomas. As we look back over the landmarks of the trail, we rejoice in the feeling of accomplishment. Tomorrow we know other slopes will beckon. We shall begin the ascent again whether in the business world or college; but we mean to enjoy this night, our Commencement night, just for itself and for what it means. We have invited you here to enjoy this moment with us. We are glad to have you, our parents, our teachers, our fellow students, and our friends who have done all in your power to bring us here this evening.

In behalf of the senior class of nineteen hundred and thirty-one, I welcome you to the tenth annual Commencement of University High School.

EDITH LYTLE.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the imbeciles of the Senior Class, being of a strong body and weak mind, hereby submit to our warden this last record in order that our belongings shall be properly delivered to our successors.

I, Lewis Burlison, hereby bequeath my curly hair to Joe Seaman. Joe, you don't know what a break you are getting.

We, the senior class, leave the fourth floor to Betty Friend and Brad Smith. We hope they will make full use of this wonderful opportunity.

We leave our delight of watching Miss Smith's traveling eyebrows to you juniors. We hope you appreciate them.

Jeanne Grimes wills her mentholatum cough drops to Carlyn Reineberg.

I, Virginia Wood, leave my switch to Mr. Williams. I sincerely hope that he will put it to as good use as I did.

Ralph Huffer wills his passion for spats to Frank Larabee.

I, Bill Ross, leave my ability to graduate from high school in six years to Johnny Hutchinson.

We, the senior class (our sympathy's at last being aroused), leave Mrs. Hagan a typing class that never makes an error.

To Mr. Angus we leave a group of athletes that have "dates" only at mealtimes.

We, Rex Newcomb and George Tawney, hereby will our tall stature and otherwise to Walt Draper, hoping thereby to produce a man.

Mel Combs leaves his masculine conception of what is and is not fair in love and war to Mel Kennedy.

I, Red Muns, on account of the business depression, have nothing to leave but the patch in my pants.

Virginia Downs sadly leaves her charge accounts to Art Lewis.

Edith Lytle wills her drag with the teachers to Albert Stern (Heaven knows he needs it).

Billy Coffeen leaves Barbara Tuttle to any one who will take her off his hands.

Opal Brinkley has sadly consented to part with the taps on her shoes. She leaves them to Ellen Schnebly.

Mary Margaret leaves her cultivated cough to Kitty Stiven.

I, Doris Engerud, sacrifice my siren-like qualities to Ruth Baldwin.

Bill Rapp leaves his shaving set (he doesn't need it) to Bobby Jones. Bobby will probably need it before Bill does.

I, Charlotte Tuttle, part with my ability to blush prettily. I have hopes that it will alight on Marcella Clifford.

To Miss Smith the senior class leaves five books of Expository Writing to outline and a thousand word theme to write. The work must all be done in two days. No excuses accepted.

Nitajane Lanham bequeaths her ability to write poetry to Sally Carnahan.

I, Walter Enger, leave my "Ford" to Clarence Tarpley if he can get it started after I get through with it this summer.

"Shorty" Long bequeaths his desire to run off and join the navy to Paul Wilson.

After serious consideration, the seniors have consented to leave the comfortable chairs in the attic to the sophomores.

I, Karme Mallow, sacrifice my passion for jazz orchestras to Cornelia Burge.

Harold Pachoud wills his flashy car to Wilburt Ham. Now don't get reckless, Wilburt.

Elizabeth Pickels wills her inability to agree with the majority to Claire Weber.

Chester Parkhill has consented to leave his book of one-thousand-and-one excuses on file in the office for any one running out of his own.

I, Robert Locke, leave my popularity with the girls to Bob Buswell.

Paul Murdock wishes that his delight in asking the practice teachers hard questions should alight on Elizabeth Fox.

Much as we hate to do it, we have to leave Mr. Long.

Jane Gordon leaves ten pounds of salt water taffy to any one who will give her half the price she paid for it.

I, Alberta McClara, will my date book to David Squires.

Claude Pegues gladly leaves his unpronounceable name to Jane Smith.

I, Barbara Knipp, bequeath my sweet smile to Harry Heddins. We hope Harry will appreciate this, as it really is quite a gift.

Charles Larabee is willing to leave his stories of his famous relatives to whomever will listen.

I, Martha Shank, will my boyish bob to Edith Squires.

Vernon Sutton wills his ability to kid Miss Dalrymple into giving tardy excuses to Dorothy Kerr.

Virginia Huff leaves.

Maude Moore wills her quiet disposition to Margaret Kunz.

Martha Rusk leaves her Ford coupe to Ethel Burgess.

I, Dolly Carson, bequeath my position in the social register to Marcella Clifford.

As our last act, let it be said that we kicked Mrs. Sullivan out of the library for disturbing the peace.

Written, censored, rewritten and despaired of by the Class of '31, and sworn at by Bard Window and Paddy Cell as our last will and testament. Witness our hand this twenty-first day of April, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Thirty-one.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,
JEANNE OF ARK,
ELIZABETH THE GREAT,
LOUIS XIV.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

We of the Prophecy Committee have taken the liberty to forecast your future. After reading this, may you listen to a word of advice. Change your habits, or, judging from present appearances, you will turn out as we have forecast . . . but we hope not. May you find in this paper the true significance and deeper meaning that is hidden between the lines. Needless to say, we shan't be in town tomorrow!

Harold Pachoud. Hal is in jail. He was indicted on a charge of arson in Hawaii for setting fire to all the Grasslands.

Charlotte Tuttle. "Tut" is at present an Alpine mountain guide. Occupation subject to change.

Maude Moore. Maude is raising ducks in Arizona.

Martha Shank. Martha is having a terribly hard time brushing the Statue of Liberty's teeth.

Not every one knows that Edith Lytle is a leading chorus girl in Earl Carroll's Vanities.

Virginia Wood. "Ginny" is recovering from injuries received when thrown bodily out of a talking studio in Hollywood. She was spoiling the sound effects.

Martha Rusk. Martha still retains her love for animals. She is second flea-trainer in Barnum and Bailey Circus.

Elizabeth Pickels. Elizabeth is now making a triumphal tour of the country after an overwhelming victory in a ladies' talking endurance contest.

Doris Engerud. Doris is still two-timing Mel.

Mel Combs. Mel is still being two-timed by Dorie.

Lewis Burlison. Louie is just another gigolo in Chicago.

Jane Gordon. Jane is leading a Salvation Army band on the corner of Main Street every Saturday night.

Morton Fowler. Mort is athletic director for the Holy Rollers.

Virginia Huff. Virginia is blind in one eye owing to injuries received when someone poked a pencil in from the other side of the keyhole.

Claude Pegues. Claude is living in Texas, and still takes those business trips across the border on every Saturday night.

Nitajane Lanham. Nita is Scandal Sheet Editor of the *Savoy Weekly*. She got her experience writing for the U AND I.

Billy Coffeen. Billy is being nursed by Barbara after unfortunately spraining his ankle while chasing the Easter Bunny with a salt shaker.

Chet Parkhill. Chet is still trying weird methods of getting rid of that wart on his right thumb.

Walter Enger. Walt is manager of the Lingerie Dept. of Madame Lucy's elite women's apparel shoppe. It is said that his salary runs into four figures.

Vernon Sutton. Vernon is honorable president of the W. C. T. U.

Virginia Downs. "Ginny" has taken Maria Leonard's place as Dean of Women. She always was such a good girl. We wish her luck.

Marialice Breedlove. Marialice has taken Ruth Chatterton's place in advertising for Mascara, the well known eye-lash paint.

Paul Murdock. Paul, owing to his quiet manner and reserve, has taken Rudy Vallee's place in the musical world. Some boy, Paul is.

Elinor Wilson. Elinor is running "Ye Snobby Shoppe," Antiques, in St. Joe. She says that she has a good following.

Barbara Knipp. Barbara is at present a commercial artist in Paris. Her latest masterpiece is on exhibition in the Champaign Elk's Club.

Opal Brinkley. Opal is in the hospital as a result of slight injury incurred when she walked into some swinging doors.

George Tawney. George is serving twenty years in jail for taking all day suckers away from Uni Hi freshmen.

Rex Newcomb. Rex has taken Emily Post's place in teaching etiquette. His latest book, "Manners in Five Lessons," is an outstanding success.

Alberta McClara. Alberta is making her twenty-fifth tour of the country. Since Paderewski's adieu, she has practically no competition.

Richard Ensign. Dick is now fortieth President of the U. S. The President and Mrs. Ensign are at present vacationing in Flatville.

Red Muns. Red is running a pool hall down in Pesotum. He's much more successful in that business, than in the business of making love.

Jeanne Grimes. Jeanne is matron of an old maids' home in Kaskaskia. We don't know what's happened to Ned.

Margery Trickey. Margery has really made a name for herself. She is manager of one of the Child's Restaurants in New York.

William Rapp. Bill is a traveling salesman from Boston. We haven't time to tell you the rest.

Ralph Huffer. "Fightin' Joe" is advertising for the "Bow Tie" company. As we remember him in school, he must be sincere in his work.

William Ross. Bill is professor of Chemistry at the University.

Floyd Long. Floyd is in the navy. In his spare time he swims across the English Channel. Boy, what a boy he is.

Charles Larabee. Charles is wearing Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes for advertisements.

Mary M. Oldham. Mary Margaret is at present head waitress at Bidwell's and is still very much in demand by the Sigma Chi frosh.

Dolly Carson. Dolly is spending the evenings at home now. She has run out of places to visit.

None other than . . .

MARGE, DOLLY, DICK AND BILL.

HATCHET ORATION

It is with grave misgiving and heartfelt anxiety that I entrust this symbol of senior power at Uni High to the small, and as yet, untried junior class. It is not that I have no confidence in you, or doubt for an instant your ability to use this excessive power to good advantage; but, like many of the faculty at Uni High, I am from Missouri.

At this time you cannot properly appreciate the enormous power and ability that this hatchet bestows upon its bearers. This influence, if properly directed into useful channels, will be of greatest help to you in your last and hardest year at Uni High. However, if its privileges are misdirected, only catastrophe can result. It would certainly grieve me to have you abuse your power to the extent that Mr. Williams be forced to give a gum-chewing demonstration for a science assembly, or that Miss Changnon be requested to play guard on the 1932 basketball team.

You have many things to learn in your senior year, of which you have no knowledge at the present time. It would be a great piece of good fortune if your class could develop such workers and leaders as Edith Lytle, Barbara Knipp, Billy Coffeen, and Walter Enger. Those four people have done more for Uni High and the senior class than all of the rest of the seniors totaled. Many times have personal pleasures and even sleep been disregarded that they could do something more for the class! It is workers such as these that will be of the most outstanding success in the future. I do not mean that others cannot achieve prominence, but those people have already acquired the habit of untiring effort that is so vital to success in any walk of life. It is my sincere hope that you juniors may produce outstanding people of that calibre.

Until you associate yourself with the extra-curricular activities of this school, you have missed much of the fun and joy of being a student here. It is really more enjoyable than you have imagined to put on old clothes and work on the attic stage from dawn to dusk, some rainy Saturday. If you don't believe me, ask Billy or Walt—they've done it enough times to know. I hope that some of the boys in your class will become interested enough in the printing press to follow that "line" for a year; that the girls will enjoy sewing costumes and draperies for the different dramatic productions of the year. Basketball, track and the annual all afford excellent opportunities for acquiring invaluable experience along varied lines.

So, in closing, I want to remind you to use your new-born power as seniors wisely, become interested in outside organizations, and make lasting friends at Uni High, especially among the faculty members. If you do this, you cannot go wrong. And last of all, let me say that if you can wield the Hatchet effectively enough to make Marcella Clifford see both sides of an argument, you have really accomplished something in your last year at Uni High.

REX NEWCOMB '31.

THE JUNIOR RESPONSE.

On behalf of the junior class of University High School, I accept this hatchet, which is the symbol of power and authority exercised by the senior class.

This hatchet which you have just presented to us, the Class of 1932, has made many people great. George Washington used it in the cherry tree episode, which made him famous for his truthfulness. Abraham Lincoln, the preserver of the Union, used it for splitting fence rails; and now that it has come into our possession, we shall use it to rise to even greater heights than those to which George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, or any of the classes of University High School have risen to maintain authority.

You have used this weapon wisely and well. We recognize the magnificent, I might say, stupendous record set by you, our predecessors. Surely no class up to this one has achieved such heights of glory as you have achieved. It is only a just recognition of your achievements to admit that you have approached the goal of all humanity—that of perfection.

You have left many things which must be accomplished by us. We hope to profit by your mistakes. Our slogan will be "Down with the sophomores" as it is they who put the evil ideas into the minds of the youngsters, the freshmen.

With all modesty and humility let me say that the Class of '32 will most certainly attain greater heights than those attained by the Class of '31; we have weight, we have ambition, we have capability, and above all we have that rare possession, the lack of which has caused the failure of many enterprises attempted by the retiring class—*brains*.

Though I myself am unable to add a great amount to our average of height and weight, there are those among us who more than compensate for my limitations. I refer to such as Marcella Clifford and Cornelia Burge.

As to ambition, who in all this glorious land of ours has more than our esteemed brother, Philip Reichman?

And where is it possible, among all frail human beings, to find one more capable than Margaret Lehman.

Now I come to the subject of brains, I pause—I hesitate. Alas, I am unable to single out any one of our number who excels the others in this priceless attribute, for it is a matter of record, and I ask you to verify this statement by referring to our honored principal, Mr. Williams,—that our scholastic and deportmental records are one hundred percent perfect.

I shall not attempt to enumerate the wrongs that we hope to correct, such as detention and rush from the ten o'clock study hall to the library, etc. However, at the close of our reign, I prophesy that most, if not all, the faults will be remedied. We will do our best.

WALTER DRAPER '32.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

Farewell! What sentiment is voiced in that single word! How much it means to us who are being graduated tonight! When we receive our be-ribboned diplomas on this momentous occasion, we leave the realm of much that is near and dear to us. We pass on into the new, the different. However, we shall have fellow travelers on our long and arduous journey: the golden memories of high school days; the priceless, unnumbered treasures of our thoughts; the happy remembrances of our schoolmates, pals, buddies, sweethearts—all will ever travel by our sides on the long trail of life. Many will be the times in the future when we shall dream of those balmy, sleepy, sun-lit days when spring fever renewed our waning imaginations; of those gala nights when we gathered for a school party; of those patient and faithful teachers whom we have come to love; of the trials and hardships of the class room; of the victories and defeats of the basketball floor and track field; of the deep cool-shadowed halls spangled with shafts of golden sunlight and thronged with friends,—some more than friends—some just friends, but all friends—true, faithful friends. Perhaps we shall recall them in our fancy: Rex, the witty, full of his characteristic brand of effervescent joy and harmless fun; steady, reliable, dependable Walt; Mel, with his homelike, courteous carriage; Elinor masking under her quiet dignity; Martha with her radiant, ever-present smile; the silent, unassuming Jane; Elizabeth, the industrious, the tireless worker for the common good; and countless others whose visions float across the screen of our thoughts like clouds across the sky. To these with a tear-dimmed eye and a heavy heart we bid not "farewell" but "au revoir," for as we push on into the Unknown, the Future, there will ever be with us the treasured memories of our alma mater.

BILLY COFFEEN.

Juniors

LISTEN MY CHILDREN—

Come closer my children, and you shall hear
Of that marvelous class in its junior year.
You ask for mere names? Oh, they are too few;
Judge not by numbers, but by things they can do.

In cooking class or in music or art
The junior knows *all* right from the start.
For three years they've learned *all* they've been taught
And some say they know now—more than they ought.

You can't blame those juniors—so apt and bright
Since starting to school, they've always been right.
Tho' they still have a year in which to forget,
They'll go down in history—the best class yet!

BARBARA RUTH '32.

THE DOINGS OF THE CLASS

The Class of 1932 started their junior year with the addition of several new members coming from various schools. At our first class meeting, we elected one of our new members, Joseph Seaman, president; Harry Heddins, also a new accretion, vice-president; Margaret Lehmann, (an old standby), secretary; and Louis Schroth, treasurer. Miss Changnon and Mrs. Sullivan were elected to the position of official guides. Our class now numbered a dozen and a half. This we considered a great athletic feat; we started with but ten, while high school classes usually dwindle rather than increase in size.

One of the first duties of the new president was to attempt to arrange our finances. We had in the treasury $.01 and it was not even red. This $.01 now, by the way, has been multiplied by 5000.

Various attempts to raise money were tried, and we found the most successful method (when we could find anybody to sell) was to display before our class mates and members of the faculty plates of home-made candy and an assortment of candy bars. In addition to our candy income, we added to our financial status by holding ten cent hops. Another function that increased our bank account was a box supper and old-fashioned dance.

The obtaining of our class pins and rings was a great event. The ring we chose is attractive and durable, although we have not tested it against concrete as one of the agents did when he was trying to bring about the sale.

Our class party was given the night before Christmas vacation following the Senior Bean Supper and Alumni Game. Because of the state of our treasury and a misunderstanding with the alumni, no refreshments were served. This fact, we fear, caused it to be considered a successful rather than a most delightful party.

One of the most interesting activities in which any junior class engages is its class play. "Whippersnappers" is the one to be given this year on May 23. We are expecting it to be a great success although we were obliged to obtain the services of two non-juniors in order to fill the eight masculine parts. Since we do not have to pay a royalty on the play, we hope to increase our wealth to such an extent that we shall be able to entertain the seniors in a manner fitting their honored station.

CORNELIA BURGE '32.

Carlyn Reinberg

Anne Mueller
Evelyn Cook.

Sophomores

A PROPHECY.

A year from now perhaps we'll see
James stud'ing hard in Germany.
Two years from now perhaps the noise
Will be 'cause Mary Edna's great with boys.
Three years from now perhaps we'll call
Small Dick a boy grown very tall.
Four years from now perhaps we'll say
That Georgialee works hard all day.
Five years from now perhaps we'll chance
To notice Wilburt cease to dance.
Six years from now perhaps we'll claim
That Doris is winning piano fame.
Seven years from now perhaps we'll hear
Of John's success in his doctor's career.
Eight years from now perhaps we'll meet
Ellen in some great Hollywood street.
Nine years from now perhaps we'll sigh
To see John Robert with a girl go by.
Ten years from now perhaps we'll read
That Martha a merry life doth lead.
'Leven years from now perhaps we'll be keen
To see Hursh, inventor of a great machine.

Twelve years from now perhaps we'll know
That Mary Bain in art doth famous grow.
Thirteen years from now perhaps we'll rejoice
To hear the orator Tarpley's voice.
Fourteen years from now perhaps we'll jingle
That our Virginia is no longer single.
Then I'll just wonder where to pass
To find each member of this class.

ANNAMARIE KUNZ '33.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS

The Sophomore class started its career in nineteen thirty-one with a good record from every point of view except the financial one. Of course, all classes have their weaknesses, and finance has been ours. Nevertheless, we had a hike, treasure hunt, and picnic at Brownfield's Woods near the beginning of our career. A large number of the students participated in this event,—all arrived safely at the woods in time for supper. We hiked all the way there and back on foot, not in cars as you might be tempted to think. Upon arrival, we were presented with the treasure which was brought forth from its hiding place in the depths of the forest. It was a box of chocolates. For supper we had sandwiches of rolls and hot-dogs roasted by the marvelous fire which was built by the young and coming Boy Scouts. We also had marshmallows, pickles, and everything else that goes into a good picnic lunch. We did not stay in the woods long after supper because the minutes had been rolling around rapidly, and it was time to start on the homeward road. We started out joyously, and truthfully sang all the way home.

We have had no other social affairs except the all-school party given on Friday, March the thirteenth. We had formerly planned a spring party to be given about the twenty-first of March, but our plans were changed in favor of a St. Patrick's party. We decorated the gym with shamrocks and green and white crepe paper in keeping with St. Patrick's. The occasion was considered quite a social success; the orchestra, chaperons, and refreshments all had their parts in the making of a real school party.

We have sponsored several home-made candy and doughnut sales, all of which have been well worth their trouble. They all relieved the depression of the pocket book of the class.

It has indeed been a pleasure to all to have had Mary Bain Lehman for our president, Georgialee Bull for vice-president, Annamarie Kunz for secretary, George Messinger for treasurer, and Miss Jacoby and Mr. Habberton for helpful and willing advisers. I hope we may fare as well in the years to come as we have fared during this year, the year 1931.

PEGGY NEWCOMB '33.

Paul H. Jones "34" (Maybe!) Margaret Kunz '34

Meza Taylor

Margaret Van Horne

Margaret Tobie

Dorothy Kerr '34

Freshmen

Juliana White

Mary Elizabeth Card "34"

Ruth Baldwin '34'

THE CLASS OF '34.

We term ourselves—sophisticated,
Even though we may be dated
(Just as I have below stated)
Graduates of '34.

There are those who call us "young"
Say our praises have been sung
By the never-ceasing tongue
Of the class of '34.

But we never mean to brag;
We don't want our tales to wag
We just do not wish to lag,
The class of '34.

Led by our fine president,
Cheered by Kitty, pleasure-bent,
Excitement-loving, that's what's meant
By—class of '34.

Margaret Kunz will stay "first rate";
Betty Friend will captivate—
Who could ever imitate
The class of '34?

Brad or Frank won't make a blotch,
But—Margaret Van H. with her bottle of "Scotch"?
Well—Miss Taylor and Miss Strang keep watch
O'er the class of '34.

Margaret Bussy
'Loving memories'

Jane Smith never will retreat;
Bobby Jones *might* reach six feet
No one ever can defeat
The class of '34.

Now I must draw to a close
I trust that we have made no foes.
I hope that this poem rightly shows
The class of '34.

CHARLOTTE JOHNSTON '34.

THE FOURTH CLASS PASSENGERS

On the fifteenth of September Captain Williams called out "All Aboard." The S. S. Uni High set sail on its annual voyage of nine months around the world. This year a group of about forty-five fourth class passengers sailed on the S. S. Uni High. They had long been warned of this terrible location in the bottom of the boat; but after they had gotten used to it, they found it to be much beter than they had expected.

Before long it was rumored throughout the whole boat that the fourth class passengers were the best group the boat had ever accommodated. Of course, the sophisticated first class passengers listened to this with little interest.

We, the fourth class passengers, after sailing quietly for about three weeks, elected Mel Kennedy, who proved himself a very able leader, to the presidency. Kitty Stiven made an excellent treasurer, and Charlotte Johnston proved a capable "minute-man." We chose Miss Taylor and Miss Strang to be our advisers.

During the nine months' voyage, we undertook many things. In fact we were the most enthusiastic crowd that had ever sailed on the boat. Our innumerable parties, as well as our oriental exhibition and our candy sales quite awed the other passengers.

The freshman party on April eleventh was one of the greatest events of the year. The decorations were unanimously proclaimed to be very distinctive. The refreshments and music were also very good. Everyone enjoyed the popular "tag" dancing, which reigned on the floor during the entire evening.

The fourth class passengers soon discovered that the ship's officers were very helpful people. Under Miss Boysen's excellent Latin instructions, we soon became talented Latin students, and our former fear of the word "Latin" vanished entirely. Miss Taylor greatly increased our interest in mathematics, and Miss Smith and Miss Jacoby certainly taught us to appreciate good literature. The general science students under the instruction of Mr. Byerly have become educated scientists. Social Science hours during the first half of the voyage were enjoyed by all, especially since Mr. Habberton was the teacher.

In activities our class was very outstanding. The Girl Reserve membership was greatly increased. The orchestra and glee clubs have been improved, and the dramatic club was proud of its talented fourth class members.

Three cheers for the freshmen!

MARGARET KUNZ '34.

Literary
KNIPP

STORYLAND

The land of books is calling
To you and me who dream
Where the shadows walk in velvet
And yellow candles gleam.

There are tales of wit and humor
For the heart of one who smiles,
As the laughing days go marching
Down storyland's drowsy aisles.

There are stories, which like love-songs
Out of all our shattered moons . . .
Have touched with saffron colors
All our broken night-time tunes.

There are tales concerning travel,
Read through rose-enchanted mist,
About the half-forgotten places
Which our fancy can't resist.

The peace that comes from poetry
Drops on the soul like balm,
The insect hums from the distant land
Fade off in a twilight calm.

The soft-scented books of romance
Fan the embers' ruddy glow;
The caravan of years stand motionless,
And the night-wind whispers low.

I used to doubt that God is good
And scoffed at truth in man;
But now I read in history,
And faith is born again.

I used to fear unuttered things
Betwixt the dusk and dawn;
But now I read biography
And straightway fear is gone.

O, you may praise the mighty lays
That time has set apart;
I'd choose the little books
That soothe a weary heart.

Storyland's gates close softly,
And the velvet shades grow deep;
In the mem'ry shrouded alcoves
Where our day dreams go to sleep.

NITAJANE LANHAM.

THREE FEET MAKE A YARN.

Phrenology is an accepted science, Palmistry has been practiced through the ages, but Pediology is something new under the sun. Here we are able to read character, to analyze personality, not from the bumps on the head, not from the lines on the palm; but with precision and accuracy from the unconscious pose of the feet. I am in a position to prove my point.

There are about twenty-one pairs of feet present, no two alike. Let us start with those feet in pumps situated in the noisiest part of the room. This case is very simple and easily interpreted. As you will notice, the legs are crossed, and one foot is planted firmly on the floor, extended noticeably forward. This indicates plainly an exaggerated ego. The other foot, swinging back and forth, assures us that a tongue is wagging with equal vigor. We can visualize an effervescent young thing.

I can see another pair of feet indicating a type distinctly different from the former, but quite as easily read. Every feature points to the easy and carefree nature of the owner of these feet shod in tennis shoes. The heels are on the floor with the toes pointing upward at an angle of about seventy-five degrees and resting on the round of the chair in front. Here we have a phenomenon. Such an unusual and uncomfortable position would indicate that if the owner of those feet were at work, he had found it necessary to contort not only the grey matter of the brain, but the entire length of the body. One does not need training in the Science of Pediology to recognize that the owner of those feet possesses a sense of humor quite out of proportion to his size. Perhaps a little harder to deduce are my statements that this person has unusual ability, but only when in the mood, exhibits this skill.

I might cite one more example. These feet in square-toed shoes are resting firmly in the exact center of their floor space. The feet are close together, both toes pointed straight ahead. They have not moved once while under observation. Here we have feet that even a beginner in Pediology could expound upon. There are no contradictions; everything points to conservatism, coupled with a hint of stubbornness. You and I are well aware that the owner of those feet would argue on any subject, on either side.

If I had time, I could depict these personalities so vividly that by their feet you would know them.

BARBARA RUTH.

TO E. W.

Quiet her voice, and quiet, too, her eyes,
And sweet her laughter and her soft surprise,
And sweet the quiet beauty of her face.

And I, who am as one been borne apart
From so much loveliness, forget to sigh—
And sing within the cloister of my heart
An hymn to beauty when she passes by.

NITAJANE LANHAM.

THE RUSH OF '31

All is tense, still, in 218 at ten o'clock in the morning. A large bell rings which is the signal, marking the deadline for all those wishing to be in the rush. Two or three late coming freighters pull into sight on the northern horizon, but are unnoticed. All the wagons have brand new covers on them, for it is the Wednesday after Easter.

Just then General Jacoby comes riding up on a beautiful steed which is in perfect accord with her uniform which shines in the dazzling sun. She pulls out of her pocket a bugle. After she has blown a few harmonious notes, everyone's eyes are fixed on the rifle that she holds in her hand. She raises it three times. Everyone is tense. She blazes away. The rush is on.

Wagons, men, women, children, and horses surge over the line five thousand strong, racing pell-mell for the fields of gold. Gold! Gold! It is in the atmosphere. As we race along at top speed, we see on our left, Marcella, playing Ben Hur by jolting over the ground in her chariot. We yell over to her.

"Hey, Marcella, that's a good way to lose weight."

We have just passed George Tawney struggling along on a tiny donkey. Up ahead is Helen Garland's covered wagon. The horse has lain down, and she is trying to get him up again by using flattery. One of the people in our stage coach shouts,

"Why, there is Bob Little and Jane Gordon riding on a tandem bicycle."

We are not surprised to see Bob Buswell sprinting his famous half mile over the open country. We just stopped to pick up Elinor Geiler who was thumbing rides.

All at once we hear a bedlam of cries ahead. We look up, and the scene is self-explanatory. A steady column of black smoke rises from over the hill. —*Indians.* Soon their cries can be understood.

"Indians, Indians! Corral . . . everyone corral!"

Little attention is paid to the orders to corral, for when the news gets around, a serious panic breaks out. Suddenly over the hill comes big chief, Two-Guns-Williams and his tribe of Faculty-Indians.

After a short pitched battle, during which Vernon Sutton is shot down by indefinite detention, and Claire Weber is penetrated by one of the chief's icy stares, we are all herded into Fort Sullivan which is taken by the Faculty-Indians. We are allowed all the gold that we can find . . . in *books.*

WALTER DRAPER.

WELCOME TO DETENTION

How popular detention has turned out to be! It is such a pleasant time to day-dream or get acquainted with your neighbors. The working day is over, and Mr. Williams has given you this hour in which to relax and forget the tension of the day. I'm quite sure the mischief in the library may be attributed to the fact that folk consider it their last opportunity to receive an invitation to this social hour. The entertainment is provided in Dutch fashion—bring your own refreshments.

JEANNE GRIMES.

SPRING

Of whom all Poets sing
And even Seniors sigh;
Forgetting to be dignified,
For watching Her go by.

Exquisite leaves peep shyly from the shells of their former selves. Delicate blues, hidden in spots by mystic clouds, seem to protect the whole earth from the storms and furies of the gods. The greens and yellows of new creation seem to float gently in a halo of new-found life. Bugs and spiders that have been hiding in unheard of places sally forth to take a taste of sunshine.

ELINOR GEILER '32.

* * * *

Spring Fever is an age old ailment and one which is common to all ages and all peoples. I've heard about Spring Fever, yet up to this time I have never suffered from it. But now I've succumbed and seem to be making up for lost time.

And yet, although it is extremely annoying to the teachers, it is a very pleasant sickness. A feeling shown by the patient's ever-increasing desire and tendency toward window-gazing is followed by a dreamy lassitude, which rages for a week or for months according to the case and the temperament. During this time a wanderlust consumes the patient, and he is in a fever of impatience. He is distrait, absent-minded, and carefree. Spring in all her glory calls him; birds in swift flight tantalize him; he is longing to be "over the hills and far away."

ELIZABETH PICKELS '31.

* * * *

Lovelier than the spring, fairer than the rose, more beautiful than the setting sun! Oh, none are so fair as the charming maiden who lives high up in the hills among the trees in the shadowy forest. Her hair—her eyes—her speech—each seems lovelier than the other. Her chateau? It is the abode for only one so gloriously radiant as she. Roses climb gracefully up the trellis; a tiny stream trickles over the rough ground on its way to the majestic Seine; the trees seem to sing a song of joy and admiration to their most exquisite princess.

Yesterday as I stood at the bottom of the hill wishing with all my heart that I might see this most fair one, I beheld her looking toward the west—singing, I believe. As she sang, her voice seemed to be filled with the joy of the birds. It was heavenly. Oh, would that I might have been on the roses which turned their thoughtful ears to hear her song. Or better still, how I should have loved to be near her myself, enfolding her within my strong arms, telling of my love and worship for her. But, all of these hopes are fruitless as I am only the blacksmith's son, while she—ah, beautiful and wonderful—claims as her father he who is our town's most royal—Duke Kearnas.

MARY MARGARET OLDHAM '31.

* * * *

Here she comes. The beautiful magnificent thing that I love! She cannot be far away. I feel she is close to me. Oh, how glad I shall be when she returns. We can go swimming together, play tennis together, ride together, and sit up on the tall, green hillside, and watch the birds and the clouds go by.

Here she comes; let's get out the brass band and have a merry time. She is my queen. I love her; I kneel and bow to Spring.

MEL COMBS '31.

CLAYS FERRY

Over the hills and far away
Down in the Bluegrass region
Down in Madison County
A few miles out of Richmond
On a river road—a winding shining black ribbon of macadam road
Up and down—around curves and hairpin turns
Limestone cliffs
Wooded hills
A sudden thrilling descent
A cabin on a hill
A view for miles
An iron bridge
The river—a silver ribbon
Fertile checkered fields
A winding white road leading away
On the farther side
Into the distance
The most beautiful place in all the world—
Clays Ferry.

ELIZABETH PICKELS.

SPRING IN THE LIBRARY.

Spring—that's the word. No, perhaps *bounce* would be a better one! Some little girl suddenly gives vent to her *springy* emotions and—*bounce*, out of the library.

This is the time when it behooves all of us to hold a special meeting for the purpose of advocating a radical change in the supervision of the library. What a pity we can't rest peacefully, thinking in terms of poetry and ankle-socks! What a pity that when we really are getting a little interest in life, someone should come along to squelch it and even go so far as to send us into exile.

This, of course, is not the end of the story; for when one is put into exile, he has to go to some place, and the only other place on earth that one may go to is the study-hall. Here one meets the glaring gaze of the teacher in charge. Immediately one is stamped with the mark of a perfectly horrid and thoroughly naughty child; therefore, if any undue noise is made in that place, one is immediately retransferred to the library. Woe to the child who is once kicked out; for once out, he is in a state of perpetual motion.

Therefore, why not be a little less strict and have a little less crime? Is it a sin to enjoy Spring? Do you suppose for one minute that, if the librarian wanted to enjoy herself when Spring is here, she would hesitate because some fool wanted to study? No, you bet she wouldn't; so why should she start such a practice with regard to poor students?

I move that we have bigger and better spring riots in the library!

MARGERY TRICKEY.

TO A DAY

On such a day as this might Shakespeare speak,
Shaping ephemeral dream to ageless song . . .
Or that Da Vinci whose exacting hands
Beheld Madonna Lisa all but breathe
Upon his canvas . . . hesitated, dreamed,
Was poet, thinker, most compassionate
Of men . . . under such clouds and rifts of blue
Brought to her still face its curious gaze
To be the riddle of the centuries . . .

Perhaps beneath our quiet heaven, this hour
Shall mark some gift to Time which may arouse,
Still ages hence, the wonder of the few,
Who stand as now, almost devout, before
The changeless beauty of the painter's art,
The lyric essence of the poet's song.

MARJORIE DIEZ.

ON SALESWOMEN

Have saleswomen ever disturbed your mental equilibrium? There are two types of this specimen, the patronizing and the familiar. I have noticed during the business depression that many of the former type have gone over to join the ranks of the latter! I wonder if the saleswomen think they will sell more goods if they answer all the buyers' queries with: "Yes, dearie," "No, dearie," "You must bet your life," and "Yes, indeedy!"

But the most serious offender, the one who wrecks many a happy married life, makes girls leave home, and takes away a girl's most serious prospect, is the saleswoman in the millinery department of a store.

For instance, the other day I was in the "Hats," as the manager of the millinery department calls it. A woman—or should I say, lady? I don't know her private life, so I'll just leave it—of about fifty years of age, rolled into the "Hats"—literally speaking! She was quite buxom, as you may have gathered. She wore a red coat and wished to buy a violent purple creation. It *was* a creation!

I stood for a moment to watch one of the tragedies of this great American life.

The buyer took up the hat and, with a violent jerk, established it firmly on her head. Her face was large, fat, and red. The hat was purple trimmed in black plumes which swooped down, nestling on her red coat collar. She resembled a knight-errant—error—of the olden days.

I had a faint hope that the salesman would say,

"Now, Madame, we have another hat which would look well with your coat. A plain, black hat which is very chic."

The buyer would have taken her suggestion and would have emerged from the store looking neat and trim.

However, my hopes died a sudden death. The saleswoman said,

"Yes, indeedy, dearie, that hat suits you to a 'T.' You know, I was reading where purple was gonna be so popular, an' it goes wonderful with your coat. Gives kinda a lively effect. You couldn't *look* any nicer!"

Whereupon the woman paid her dollar—it was Dollar Day—for the hat that looked like a dollar ninety-eight, as the advertisement said, and went on her way. One more American home wrecked! Oh, the infamy of the saleswomen!

ELINOR WILSON.

A BIOLOGY LABORATORY

As a visitor I entered the great building of education, carrying a little yellow slip of paper. As I slowly climbed the stairs, many people rushed around me, running up the steps two at a time, but no wonder: they were possessed with a thirst for knowledge. After reaching the top floor, I entered the biology laboratory. I handed the yellow slip to the teacher and took a seat in the back of the room. Finally the bell rang, and several people quickly stepped inside the door.

The teacher looked up angrily and said, "Every one should be at least inside the door when the bell rings."

He continued, "If you will be seated, I shall give the assignment for today. Today we are going to observe the frog. The University has been so kind as to lend us specimens so that you have this rare opportunity. You will study the frog by carefully observing him as he swims around in our nice little aquarium.

"To show you what I mean we shall take this pencil and observe it. First we notice that it is 8 inches long and ⅜ of an inch thick. On one side of its six sides, not on all of them, there is a name and a number. Well, the name is not important, but the number tells whether the pencil has hard or soft lead in it. Now you will see on one end of the pencil a little brass ring. In the end of this little ring is an eraser. If you take hold of this little eraser and pull it out, you will observe that it extends ¼ of an inch into the brass ring. On the other end of the pencil, which is cut down to a point, is a little piece of lead. This piece of lead is 3/32 of an inch in thickness and 1/16 of an inch in length. Now does everyone see what I mean by being scientific?"

The whole class nodded very solemnly.

"Now," continued the teacher, "you will all go over to the aquarium and observe the frog."

The whole class moved toward the aquarium and crowded around it. After playing with the beautiful specimen of a frog, splashing water on him, and nearly frightening him to death, they began to talk together; and I heard these remarks: "Are you going to the basketball game?" "Who do you think is going to win?" "Oh! I have the most gorgeous new dress." "I think Buddy Rogers is too cute for words." "Are you going to play baseball after school?"

Just then the teacher came up and said, "Now what are some of the interesting things you have observed about the frog?"

"I think he is simply darling," said one of the girls.

"I see that he has four legs," replied another.

"That is fine," said the teacher, "just keep observing carefully, for it is the only way really to learn about the frog."

Just then the bell rang. Everyone dashed for the door. I heard one of the little boys say, "What a funny bird the frog are. He ain't got no tail almost hardly. When he sing, he almost croak. When he walk he almost hop. When he stand, he almost sit on the tail he ain't got almost hardly."

ELINOR DOLCH.

ON MONEY

You enter the building in the morning feeling that everything's going fine, for you have just had a walk in this delightful spring weather. However, before you have attended your first class, you are tackled by a student after your money. It is a member of the U AND I Staff who greets you with the question, "Have you bought your U AND I yet?" If you have, he passes you by without pestering you further; if you haven't, he keeps on your trail with the question, "Did you bring your dollar and a half?" Suppose that this morning you decide you'll settle the matter by giving this person your dollar and a half.

You walk away with a feeling that you have started the day right by buying your annual. But no, it is not long until you are requested to buy a ticket to the next dramatic production. You stave off this person with an "I'll think about it and let you know." You see a junior walking down the hall with orange colored tickets in his hand; you know these are for the Friday Matinee Hop. You immediately start up a conversation with the first person you see, giving the appearance of being very busy talking about your history lesson. The junior decides that you really are engaged and passes on down the hall to hail someone else.

Between classes on your way to your locker, you stop to read the notices on the bulletin board. There is a large sign which announces a doughnut sale, "two for five cents," to be held at noon. There is also a notice signed by your class treasurer informing you that your dues are due and must be paid by such and such a day or a five cent fine per week will be added to the original sum. There's also a notice about Thimble Theatre Guild dues. My, all the treasuries seem to be sadly in need of funds from the looks of the bulletin board.

An ambitious little freshman rushes up to you and urges you to buy a ticket to the Girl Reserve benefit show, "Abraham Lincoln." "Well, I would like to help you out, but I'm not sure I'll be able to go. I'll let you know tomorrow." You go on down the hall stopping at the doughnut sale to buy five cents worth. You are forced to wait a few minutes because of the crowd, but eventually you get rid of your money. I wonder why it is you pay this amount joyfully. I guess the smell of those doughnuts is too tempting.

That afternoon you are confronted with another Girl Reserve. This time it is a pound box of salt water taffy straight from Atlantic City which she offers you for only fifty cents. At the assembly Mr. Williams announces that the basketball banquet honoring the boys on the squad will be held Saturday evening. "Tickets will be seventy-five cents. Please make your reservations immediately." Perhaps by this time you are ready to ask, "Anybody else have anything to sell me?"

As you start to leave the building that evening, you are waylaid by the junior in charge of the candy sale. You decide to buy candy with your few remaining cents, for if you should keep them until tomorrow, someone else would be after them. Money! Apparently that's all that is wanted around this school.

EDITH LYTLE.

ON PRACTICE-TEACHERS

"So broad, so deep, is sparkling wit
There are but few who fathom it."

For a period of four years, I and my fellow students have endured the trials and tribulations of the so-called system of practice teaching. Now, I wonder why we have endured? Is it that the practice-teachers are superior in intellect? Or is it the example they have set—an example of excellent work and undivided attention? In those respects the student is forced to acknowledge their superiority.

For the first few days of school, everything goes well with us. The teacher calls for discussion often enough, and he usually receives an answer. It is the first week, and, as yet, nothing can detract from wholesale concentration on studies. Then, at the end of the first month, a contingent of the weirdest conglomeration of scholastic representatives comes tumbling into the class room. And what an assemblage! Bold, nonchalant French students, meek little history majors, and the inquiring, foolish-looking hopefuls make up the list. Some are pretty, some are intelligent, and some are just student teachers. They make a lot of fuss in order to make themselves known, insisting that we give to them a complete history of our existence. They smile sweetly, always pay attention, and behave as high school students don't. That is the cause of trouble. The instructor immediately forgets that there is a John, a George, a Mary, and an Elinore in the class, and begins to neglect us for this newer group. If one of us fails to answer a question, the instructor calls on Miss Jones, or Mr. Smith; and as a rule, Mr. Smith or Miss Jones will give a perfect recitation, thus exposing the comparative dumbness of the ambitious, aspiring, willing-to-learn pupil. Also, these bold, independent, fastidious visitors immediately take to performing the most imbecilic domestic duties about the class room. They distribute on Bulletin Boards extensive charts showing just where icebergs can't and won't be found; they bring to class all manner of little pamphlets for the pupils to read in their spare time; they stand before the class and promulgate lengthy discussions on what a great man Napoleon was, until the victims are on the point of suicide. Moreover, when not talking, our treasured ones sit in the rear of the room making notes, collecting material, and commenting in general on the actions, the reactions, and the attitude of Uni High students. It is as one of the great poets said:

"In doing what we ought, we deserve no praise,
Because it is our duty."

It is their duty. They must do it. Therefore, we are most unkind to criticize and blame them.

So, there is nothing that we can do about the situation. The practice-teachers must be endured, for they are perfect: there is not a thing amiss in their character. They get their lessons; we don't. They pay attention; we can't. They behave; we won't. There it is . . . students may come and students may go, but practice-teachers will go on forever.

WILLIAM E. RAPP '31.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

15—Registration day. Mr. Williams' office does a rushing business.

16—Formal opening of school. Uni High has great increase. Fat Bidwell appears.

17—Mary Margaret Oldham has a southern accent. Walt Enger has a Ford.

18—Betty Provine returns to school. "This rushing business ain't what it's cracked up to be," she was heard to say.

19—The University gets busy at last and chips in to buy us a new coach.

22—Freshmen are getting bold enough to hunt for things in the card catalogue right up front where everyone can see them.

23—Bill and Rex ladle out advisory hash to primer boys.

24—Senior class politicians hold anxious and important caucus.

25—Senior class election. No matter how high you get up, you have to put up with politics.

26—Thanks, Faculty. We had a nice time at your party.

29—Mary Margaret Oldham has lost her southern accent. Walt Enger still has his Ford.

30—The instructors call for recitations from Cesar Fabiani, Italian student, by pointing their finger at him.

OCTOBER

1—Ever and anon and once in a while a student will stop walking along the street, and grasp his head, puzzled. And then he will say, "No, it is not a dream. They are really paving Mathews."

2—Several seniors talk of buying text books soon.

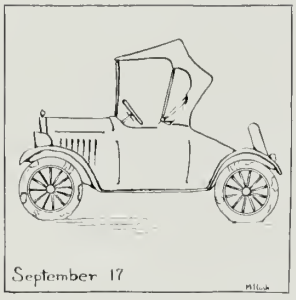
6—Faculty meeting brings together brains enough to terrify a rhinoceros.

9—Joe Seamen is president of the junior class. "Was Demosthenes ever president of the junior class? No! Then I am greater than Demosthenes."

13—Mr. Harnish begins to give ominous warnings of quizzes ahead in Physics.

17—Teacher's Conference. It's a holiday for us and perhaps for the teachers, too. Miss smith looks unusually happy.

18—Walter Enger's car was stolen. Where was Walter?



20—After an absence of three years, David Squires returns to University High School.

23—They have begun the standardized tests again, and they are just as dumb as ever.

24—Helen Garland cuts her hand in the Chemistry Lab. conveniently before six weeks exams.

29—Grade cards out today. Oh, we do hope that we have made good impressions on our teachers for the first six weeks.

30—Those wanting positions on the U AND I staff try out today. Many seniors turn journalist. Let's hope all aspiring ones get jobs.

31—Hallowe'en Party tonight. The seniors prove themselves very successful hosts. A number of sophomore boys raid their fathers' cellars.

NOVEMBER

4—U AND I statistician counts eleven girls in the library at 8:35 and Dean Keating in one corner studying. You're a good student, Dean, but we are afraid that you don't make the best of your opportunities.

5—*Detention!!!* We never know how well off we are until we get a new rule.

6—Elinor Wilson turns domestic. "Folks out of town."

7—Miss Zilly recommends that certain people who persist in giving free concerts in the Art and Design room try out for Glee Club.

10—Lewis Burlison is first to buy his U AND I.

11—Six notices of lost fountain pens on the bulletin board. No notices of anything found.

14—Rex Newcomb and Phil Reichman find that truth and not silence is golden after receiving a sentence of indefinite detention.

20—Marcella Clifford throws kisses to the boys when the girls gym class meets at the Athletic Field.

26—Thanksgiving vacation begins.

27—Thanksgiving Day. They gave us this day our undaily turkey.

DECEMBER

1—Back to school again.

4—Helen Garland burns her hand in the Chemistry Lab. She is getting this job of doing it at the right time down pat.

5—Report made that students don't go to shows enough. Oh, get me a glass of water, somebody, quick.

9—Why do those freshman girls have to wear their tap-dancing shoes to school?

10—Grade cards out today. 'Nough said.

12—In English IV, Doris Engerud uncorks a new fish story, and Miss Smith vows vengeance.

15—Seniors are greatly excited. Pictures are being taken.

19—Bean Supper tonight. And try-outs for cheer leader. Charles Shepard drills all those present on the locomotive yell till everyone feels like a high pressure Fourth of July celebration. Junior party. What's the matter with the orchestra?

21—Walt Enger still has his Ford, and he also has someone to ride in it.

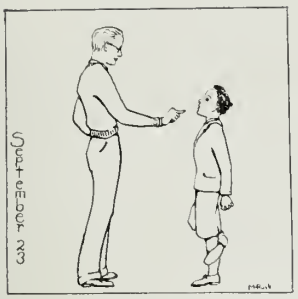
22—11 A. M. Christmas vacation begins. Hurray!!

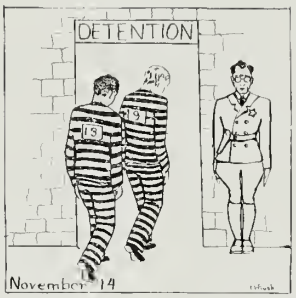
JANUARY

5—Back to the grind again. All good things have a quitting. Wedding bells have ben heard in the History department. We extend best wishes to the happy couple.

6—Private detention for the 9 o'clock section of English IV is instituted. We just didn't have time to get our lesson over the Xmas vacation.

9—First basketball game of the year. Well, we had to give Rantoul a chance.





12—The spirit of hard study is abroad in the land.

19—The senior play is announced. "Icebound" by Owen Davis. Try-outs will be held next Thursday.

21—Old timers begin telling the freshmen how many flunked last year. The midnight oil has started burning.

24—"Carry us out and give us a decent burial," panted the Penfield team after the game. (Score: Uni High, 19, to Penfield, 6.)

27—Everyone working at peak load and under maximum strain.

30—Exams!!!!!

FEBRUARY

2—Examinations!!!!!!

3—More examinations!!!!!!!

6—A number of students seem to be "withdrawing." This word "withdraw" is rich in synonymous meanings, such as "can," "expel," suspend," and "get your walking papers."

10—Here's to a Hall of Fame for the poor lad who had a chance to crib but didn't.

12—Lincoln's birthday. (Not observed at this mill.)

14—Freshman girls pass around valentines.

16—"I just wonder why it is that I can't get as high grades here as I did in the school I came from?" is to be heard most any place in the building.

20—People are beginning to wonder about this creature commonly known as Kitty Stiven after her climbing to the top of the gym yesterday.

23—Windy!!

27—Senior play tonight.

28—Uni High basketball chasers give Penfield boys some food for dejection.

MARCH

2—Miss Zilly asks Madelene Greenwood if her drawing of a tree was meant for a hall hat rack.

9—Nita Jane Lanham, poetess, offers a reward of four cents each for the return of three hundred poems.

10—Some senior loses one of the "Expository Writing" by Curl. No reward.

11—Open house. Much to our disappointment the teachers take turns standing guard at the switch box—we had light.

12—U AND I assembly. A senior entertainment is not complete without Opal Brinkley performing.

13—A big day! Seniors win Basketball Tournament! We celebrate at the party given by the Sophomore class.

16—Six week quiz week. The first studying of the semester is done.

18—U AND I staff meeting. Rex tries to resurrect the General Science Ford.

20—Matinee Hop. Morton Fowler gives us a tune.

25—Grade cards! We hardly know what to say.

27—Box social. Bids run high for Barbara Tuttle's box. Billy Coffeen gets it for one dollar and twenty-five cents.

31—The second Matinee Hop. We hope we got on the front row of the picture that Walter Enger was taking for this here book.

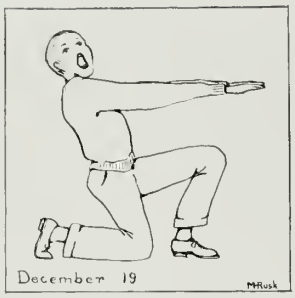
APRIL

2—Easter Vacation begins at eleven o'clock. A number of people got mixed up and thought that it began at eight o'clock.

5—Finds everybody looking for the Easter Bunny.

7—School again. We are all dressed up in our new Easter clothes.

10—Mel Kennedy has lead in the play given for Thimble Theatre Guild. The place is simply over run by Junior girls.



11—Annual freshman class entertainment. Good punch!

15—The heavens begin to bawl and bawl. We don't mind, but remember that April showers bring May flowers.

17—U AND I Staff meets. We promise to begin work soon.

22—Mel Kennedy gets lead in junior play. This entry is enough for one day.

23—An epidemic of spring fever settles over the camp.

24—Disagreements arrive about the junior play.

25—The detention list grows bigger and bigger. Spring really is here.

MAY

1—The freshman class delivers May baskets. Somebody has to keep up these good old customs.

5—Assembly about France. We all intend to save our pennies to get across the waters.

9—Public Speaking spends the day painting scenery for the junior play.

10—Mothers' Day. We go to church.

13—Ginny Downs celebrates. She and Bud have been going with each other for ten months.

14—We go to church again—this time to hear an assembly given by the teachers.

18—This Annual goes to press! ! !

22—Musical Evening—entertainment by the Glee Clubs.

23—The play, "Whippersnappers," given by the juniors. We seniors hope that they made some money.

JUNE

1—We begin to wonder when the Junior-Senior Banquet is to be.

5—Exam! *Class Day!* No wonder none of the Prophecy Committee was in town.

8—Examinations!

9—More Examinations!

10—Junior-Senior Banquet. What a relief! They did serve food after all, didn't they?

11—Graduation . . . Farewell!

Activities
Knipp

Thimble Theatre Guild

Thimble Theatre Guild, which is the dramatic organization, has had a very successful and profitable year under the leadership of Elinor Wilson. This year the Club's old members decided that not more than ten new members were to be admitted at one time, on the basis of six boys and four girls or four boys and six girls. Those trying out were to memorize a selection, give a reading, and present a pantomime. This resulted in the admission of ten members the first semester and three the second.

The club met in the attic one Friday night each month, and the members gave plays and criticisms. Mary McGraw, Max Flowers, and Wen Kennedy were the three active practice teachers. At the April meeting, Max Flowers gave an interesting and informatory talk of "Make-up," using Billy Coffeen as juvenile and Walter Enger as character types. Afterwards brownies and dixies were served.

The Dramatic Evening was given the middle of the semester. "The Trysting Place," by Tarkington, was given by Dolly Carson, Walter Enger, Marcella Clifford, Charlotte Tuttle, Rex Newcomb, Bob Little, and Charles Larabee. "The Finger of God," by Wilde, was portrayed by Mel Kennedy, Clarence Tarpley, and Ellen Schnebly. The last play, "Manikin and Minikin," by Keyborgen, was presented by Kitty Stiven and Ethel Burgess.

On April 24th the student practice teachers gave three one-act plays. The first of these, "The Maker of Dreams," a fantasy, was given by Max Flowers, Mary McGraw and Wen Kennedy, with Alberta McClara as accompanist. The next play, "Overtones," a satire, was played by Virginia Lipscomb, Barbara Carson, Elizabeth Pierce, and Ruth Breese. The last, "The Lord's Prayer," a drama, included Mary Ellen McCabe, Priscilla Adams, Eloise Berbaum, C. McCain, C. W. Shull, and Mr. Bittner.

The proceeds from all the plays went toward the purchase of a new curtain for the stage. This year's successful program should prove an incentive for future Thimble Theatre productions.

Hi-Y

The Hi-Y is one of the most important outside activities of Uni High. The purpose of the club is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and the community high standards of Christian character.

The Club's officers for this year were Rex Newcomb, president; Billy Coffeen, vice-president; and Bill Rapp, secretary-treasurer. The boys have shown an enthusiastic interest in the club and, as a result, the club is much larger and more active this year. As usual the club's meetings were held in the members' homes.

The activities for this year consisted of a very successful charity basketball game and the memorable Girl Reserve - Hi-Y banquet, at which the boys presented a number of stunts, which added to the evening's entertainment. The senior team, which defeated the junior team in the intramural contest, was composed entirely of Hi-Yans. The club has had a very active and successful year, and one which will be remembered.

Girl Reserves

Peggy Newcomb

This year's program started with an informal meeting in which the old and new members got acquainted. The officers elected were Virginia Wood, president, Jane Gordon, vice-president, Barbara Knipp, secretary, and Martha Rusk, treasurer. This year the Club introduced a new idea—that of interest groups. These groups were Carving and Art, headed by Martha Rusk; Scraps and Whatnots, lead by Edith Lytle; Dramatic Art, headed by Marguerite Dolch and Virginia Wood; Needlework, under the direction of Jane Gordon; and Music, under Barbara Knipp. The girls signed up for the interest groups in which they were the most interested.

Later in the semester, Peggy Newcomb was elected to represent us at the Inter-club Council. Early in the second semester, the Club entertained the Hi-Y boys at a Valentine bunco party. Salt-water taffy and ticket sales were used to raise funds to send the new president, Peggy Newcomb, to Camp Gray this summer.

This year's Girl Reserve purpose "to better the world day by day, and to improve yourself in every way" has been very successfully carried out, and adds yet another splendid year to the records.

The Glee Clubs

What would we do without the Glee Clubs! They are the only ones who know the school songs!

On Friday, March 4, the Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Kitchell and Mr. Holmes with the aid of the orchestra, gave a very enjoyable assembly. The program opened with two school songs, followed by three selections from the orchestra; then the girls' glee club sang two numbers, and the boys' glee club, not to be outdone, also sang two numbers. The program concluded with a piano duet played by Martha Shank and Christine Taylor.

Both clubs are larger this year than usual and show good material for the county contest. The girls representing us in the glee club contest are Jane Gordon, Edith Lytle, Barbara Knipp, Martha Shank, Marcella Clifford, Margaret Lehmann, Marguerite Dolch, Sally Carnahan, Virginia Palfrey, Mary Card, Ethel Burgess, Catherine Putnam, Margaret Tobie, and Jane Smith. Our soloist is Marguerite Millium. Alberta McClara, who represented us in the piano solo, would have won first place except for three seconds overtime, which disqualified her. Better luck next year! As usual there was an operetta.

Orchestra

Under the able direction of our new leader, Mr. Holmes, the orchestra this year has been outstanding in both number and popularity. Many freshmen and other newcomers entered it as well as those of the former years. Unlike most of our orchestras, this one didn't have to start all over again at the first of the year but seemed to continue its progress from the preceding one. It has played for several assemblies, for dramatic evenings, for junior and senior plays, and for some of the Parent-Teachers' meetings. We have all of the classes represented, but we boast of only two seniors.

The officers for the year have been Lewis Burlison, president; Edward Burge, vice-president; Walter Enger, librarian. The members of the club are: Edward Burge, Catherine Dolch, Mel Kennedy, Richard Heller, Joe Morlock, Wilburt Ham, Dick Little, Van Holstlaw, Marguerite Dolch, Margaret Lehman, Clarence Tarpley, Jimmy Meyers, Robert Hersch, Lewis Burlison, James Lynch, Charles Shephard, Elinor Dolch, and Walter Enger.

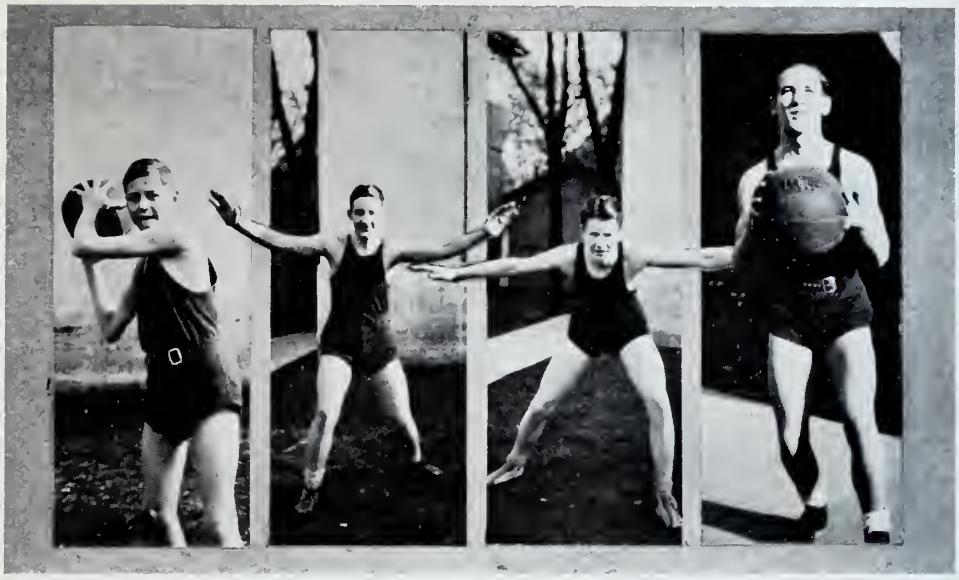
Sports

Coach W. S. Angus

The coach's loyalty to University High School athletics and to the other activities of the school have been demonstrated throughout the year. This is the first year that we have been able to boast of *our* coach in a true sense. As students, we have appreciated the opportunities that have come to us through having a man whole-heartedly interested in our athletic activities. Not only has Coach Angus trained athletes in the technique of various sports, but he has impressed upon his boys the desirability and necessity of clean athletics that are fundamental in the development of good sportsmanship.

He has set an example for his athletes by expressing a sincere interest in his work. To Coach Angus goes the gratitude of the student body and their promise of loyalty and support for the coming year.

Basket-Ball



BOUDREAU LONG MUNS COFFEEN

Mel Combs, a brilliant forward, was dogged by hard luck through most of the season. By his hard dribbling attack and his flashy, dependable shooting, he helped to bolster up the team's morale. He was a constant threat to the defense and he helped to stem many of the opponents' attacks.

"Red" Muns, a newcomer to the school, showed his qualities by playing a very keen defensive game at guard. A versatile player, he was sometimes moved up to forward, in which position he performed creditably. He was a tireless worker, and a boy who played the game in a clean, sportsmanlike manner.

Floyd "Shorty" Long, back guard, who earned the title "Stonewall" Long by virtue of his steady defense, played consistently throughout the season. Shorty, in playing for Uni High, showed that he was a dependable, worthwhile guard.

Hershel Meis, a former Thornburn Junior High School player, was used as relief man at the pivot position. As Hersh is only a freshman, he has much time and room for development.

Chuck Bidwell, the 210 pound guard, is not as fast but makes up for lack of shiftiness and speed by showing a fine, clever defense. He is a sophomore transfer from Urbana High, and in his last two years this heavy fellow should show much improvement.

Leonard Huber, the genial manager, performed his tasks well.

Basket-Ball

NEWCOMB COMBS HARMS MEIS

Don Boudreau, the diminutive sophomore forward, gave the basketball fans plenty of exciting moments in his hard and determined efforts to get possession of the ball. Although outweighed and over-towered by his opponents, his grit and unbounded nerve saved his team from many critical situations. His flashy play and smooth floor work often won the admiration of the spectators.

Delbert Harms, a small, fighting lad who made up for his lack of height and weight in spirit and drive. A fine running mate for "Red" Muns, he was forever ready to break up a threatening offense and place the ball in position to be of advantage to his team.

Rex Newcomb is the tall, sprightly fellow who played at the center position and showed his ability by winning the jump. He helped in breaking up the dribble plays of the opponents. In the district tournament at St. Joseph, he played his best game, scoring the only field goals made by Uni High in the game.

Billy Coffeen, a very dependable player, contributed his share to the team's success. This dashing forward was a fine defensive player as well as having the ability to dribble cleverly through the opponents' defense.

Frank Larabee, a freshman, has many possibilities. Although he is somewhat handicapped because he lacks weight and height, in a couple of years he will be a mainstay on the varsity.

Track

A fine group of boys reported for the first track practice. A few of the veteran "thinclads" donned their spikes for tryouts along with several newcomers —Felix Williams, a speedy dashman, Hershel Meis, a versatile freshman, and Vernon Sutton, a capable quarter-miler. All reported regularly despite the inclement weather, and soon rounded into shape. The squad: Buswell, half mile; Morlock, mile; Williams, dashes; Reichman, broad-jump; Coffeen, pole vault and hurdles; Rapp, hurdles; Meis, high jump; Bidwell, shot and discus; Larabee, hurdles and shot; and Schlatter, pole vault and high jump.

In a dual meet with Onarga Military School, Uni High was outclassed. However, in the dual meet with Mahomet late in April, we were defeated by only a few points, due mostly to the fact that Billy Coffeen, always a consistent point-winner, was off form. On the twenty-fifth of April, Uni High went to Onarga's Invitational, in which the boys had very keen competition. The official season ended with the County Meet at Tolono, in which Buswell, a junior, running the half-mile, won a place.

The possibilities for next year are exceptionally fine, as only three of the squad, Sutton, Rapp, and Coffeen, graduate.

Tennis

For the first time, University High School has had a tennis squad. At the beginning of the spring season, Coach Angus announced that all interested in the sport would report for practice. After a few days practice, the squad was chosen: Bill Rapp, Floyd Long, Joe Morlock, and Clarence Tarpley.

Early in May, we had a dual meet with Danville High School, Big Twelve champions. Danville won, 5-1, Mendenhall of Danville losing to Rapp for their only defeat. Our trouncing was due mainly to the fact that we had had but a short time to practice, and to the fact that Mel Combs was declared ineligible for varsity competition.

The season closed with University High's representative, Bill Rapp, losing in the District Meet to Butler of Danville.

That season marked the beginning of a third sport for University High School. With the excellent facilities available for the sport, Uni High should further and develop the game in future years.

Dramatics

Dramatics at University High School have been happy and profitable for the student groups this year because of the capable and kindly direction of Miss Smith. The Dramatic Club has been active in the reading and in the production of plays to the extent that dramatic evenings have become very popular. The class plays were an important part of the program of outside activities. The group of plays given by the practice-teachers was a finished production. For all of these we are grateful to

MATA SMITH

The Senior Play

Friday, the 27th of February, the Class of '31 gave the Senior Play, "Ice Bound," by Owen Davis. This play was the Pulitzer Prize winner for 1922. The cast included:

Henry Jordan	Walter Enger
Emma Jordan, Henry's wife	Martha Rusk
Nettie, Emma's daughter by a former marriage	Dolly Carson
Sadie Fellows, formerly a Jordan	Jeanne Grimes
Jane Crosby, a servant	Mary Margaret Oldham
Ben Jordan, the black sheep of the family	Billy Coffeen
Ella Jordan, the unmarried sister	Elizabeth Pickels
Doctor Curtis	William Rapp
Orin, Sadie's ten-year-old son	Ed Burge
Judge Bradford	Charles Larabee
Hannah, the family servant	Virginia Downs
The Sheriff	Lewis Burlison

The plot of the play was based on a money-grabbing New England family who expected to inherit their mother's estate, which was given conditionally to Jane, who as Ella says, is just a step-cousin once removed. Jane in turn gives it to Ben, the black sheep of the family, who through his love for her becomes a self-respecting Jordan. The chameleon changes of the other members of the family toward Jane and Ben provide both pathos and humor in an otherwise tragic play. The settings were excellent, and the play went over well.

The Junior Class Play

After much discussion, the junior class chose "Whippersnappers," a three-act play written by Howard Chenery, as its annual production. At the tryouts, the girls outnumbered the boys, three to one, which fact necessitated the director, Miss Smith, to draw from members of other classes. In the final analysis, Billy Coffeen, a senior, and Mel Kennedy, a freshman, each had a part. The cast:

Richard Morgan	Mel Kennedy
Mrs. Morgan	Claire Weber
Elizabeth Morgan	Elinor Geiler
Barbara Lee	Gladys Stout
Foster Lee	Philip Reichman
Myron Smiley	Walter Draper
Zac Stafford	Lewis Schroth
Jerry Truman	Morton Fowler
Dudley Grant	Billy Coffeen
Dr. Samuel Gerald	Robert Little
Jo Stafford	Marcella Clifford
Wade Truman	Harry Heddins

Those who were not in the play were needed for management. Margaret Lehman was Business Manager; Helen Garland, Costumes; Bob Buswell, Advertising; while others looked after the properties. The theme of the play deals with a church group composed of several ambitious younger members, and more joy-killing old codgers in the vestry. The former wish to entertain with a bazaar, and in the opposition, much humor and fun develops. The play was given on the twenty-third of May.

TRY - OUTS

The sense of emptiness . . . the air full of criticism . . . dull, gray light . . . space . . . space . . . a small voice quavering over the waves of air . . . feeble gestures . . . sudden strength in character . . . then relapse into the insignificant again. Then, "That will be enough" . . . relief rushing in expanding that compressed, intense oppression . . . physical and mental . . . moments of absolute lack of mental self-control . . .

The few, slightly blurred faces came closer as I made a desperate wavering smile and sat down . . . a trembling, inaudible sigh—it was over . . . that to which I had been looking ahead . . .

Then the come-back—"what a fool . . . it doesn't mean anything to me what those people think . . . "

"I'm sorry, but your voice is really too light to carry well; however, the expression was excellent. Also—ah—I don't suppose you've had any dramatic experience, so—ah——"

Crushed! But . . . oh well . . . . .

SALLY CARNAHAN '32.

OUR PRACTICE TEACHERS STEAL THE STAGE

On April twenty-fourth, our practice teachers presented to the student body three one-act plays. As this was the first time that this group had undertaken to present any sort of theatrical production, we looked forward to them with wonderment and anticipation. The first play, the "Maker of Dreams," was accompanied throughout by Alberta McClara at the piano. The cast:

Pierrot	MAX FLOWERS
Pierrette	MARY MCGRAW
Manufacturer	WENDELL KENNEDY

* * * *

The second play, "Overtones," was original in that two sets of characters appeared on the stage. One character portrayed the true feelings of the person, while the other portrayed what actually took place. The two former friends and their "shadows" are:

Harriet	VIRGINIA LIPSCOMB
Hetty	BARBARA CARSON
Margaret	ELIZABETH PIERCE
Maggie	RUTH BRESEE

* * * *

The final play, "The Lord's Prayer." It was a vivid, colorful presentation of the French Revolution as seen in one of the homes. The personnel of the play:

Mademoiselle Rose	MARY ELLEN MCCABE
Zellee	PRISCELLA ADAMS
Mere Blanche	ELOISE BERBAUM
The Cure	CARL MCCAIN
Jacque La Rues	MR. SCHNULL
The Soldier	MR. BITTNER

The plays were exceptional in the scenery and lighting effects.

Ads
and
Jokes

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To the Joke Editor:

Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

Practice teacher in Chem. class: "What is a cation?"

Francis Muns: "I thought it was a dog.

A certain Freshman girl: "You know my brother isn't so good looking, but he has a good heart."

Is this the doctor's report, David?

In a rather boring English class: "Mary Margaret, give me a sentence using 'would'."

Mary Margaret: "Would that I were home."

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Mrs. Wilson: "Gates lost the battle of Camden, then he ran away 180 miles to New York."

Rex Newcomb: "Quite a runner, wasn't he?"

Walter E.: "What do you want?"
Charlotte T.: "I want a soda."
Walter: "Yes, soda I."

Mr. Harnish: "Tom, give me the shortest definition of an explosion."
Tom Allison: "Boom!"

Helen Garland and Philip Bogart started going around together in the revolving doors of the Co-op.

David Squires and Billy Ross (simultaneously): "Gotta cigarette?"

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Practice teacher from Delaware: "How many seasons are there here?"

Billy Coffeen: "Two. Basketball and track."

Betty Friend: "Is it healthy out West?"

Brad Smith: "Healthy? Say, they had to shoot a couple of guys to start a cemetery."

The wild and wooly Freshmen here
Are as thick as ants and fleas,
They range from tall gaunt Johnnies
To kids about your knees.

Miss McHarry: "Have you read 'Kenilworth'?"

George Tawney: "No, I don't care for dog stories."

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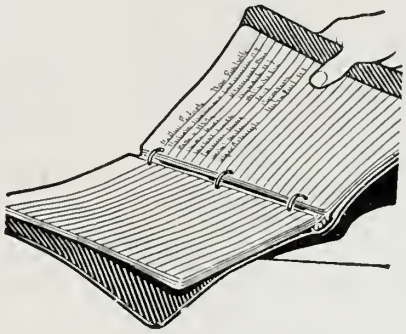

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OUR SUPPORT, not our
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SUPPLIES us with law and
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RECREATION, and the rights
OF a freeborn American.
WE should believe in this
TOWN of ours and work
FOR it, each and every
ONE of us to the best of
OUR ability."

Moral: Our town is nothing more than the people and the institutions that compose it. We wonder if you fully appreciate the wonderful school from which you are soon to graduate.

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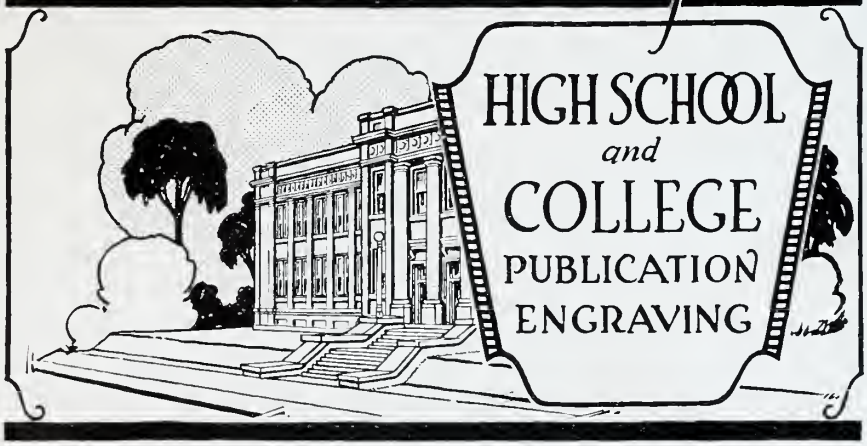

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Steward: "Wake up, everybody! The boat's leaking."

Dick Ensign: "Aw, put a pan under it and go back to bed."

Lewis Builison: "Is J. Ham Lewis a Jew?"

Elizabeth Pickels: "He couldn't be. Look at his name."

Miss Smith: "Give me a simile."

Floyd Long: "As miserable as a kleptomaniac in a locomotive factory."

Miss Ketchell to Claude Pegues: "You don't have to speak to me on the street, but I would like to have your attention in class."

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We wonder if Dick Ensign counts sheep when he goes to sleep in American history class.

Miss Davis: "If you slouch down in your seat now, what will you do at my age?"

Marcella C.: "We'll be in our second child-hood."

Vernon Sutton: "I know a man who plays the piano without hands."

Chester Parkhill: "That's nothing. I know lots of people who sing without voices."

Floyd Long still insists the longest way around is the sweetest way home. We wonder——

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The biology class was out on a field trip. Selwyn Savage found a chestnut burr.

"Oh, Mr. Byerly," cried Selwyn in great excitement, "Look, look, I've found a porcupine's egg."

The teachers' meetings are called "Little forget togethers."

Practice teacher: "Virginia, why do you think George Rogers Clark was sent to the West?"

Virginia Huff: "Why do I think?"

Doris Engerud: "Mr. Williams hasn't invited me in today."

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Barbara Tuttle: "Billy, do you know, you're getting quite handsome?"

Billy Coffeen: "Yes, I know. It's a way I have when it gets near your birthday."

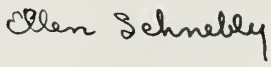
Margery Trickey: "I just heard there's going to be a leather shortage in this country."

Martha Shank: "Oh, yes, Tom Allison just bought a new pair of shoes."

Mrs. Wilson: "In the Treaty of 1783, why did America appreciate the fact that England let them fish around Newfoundland?"

Karme Mallow: "Newfoundland has the best fishing grounds."

AUTOGRAPHS



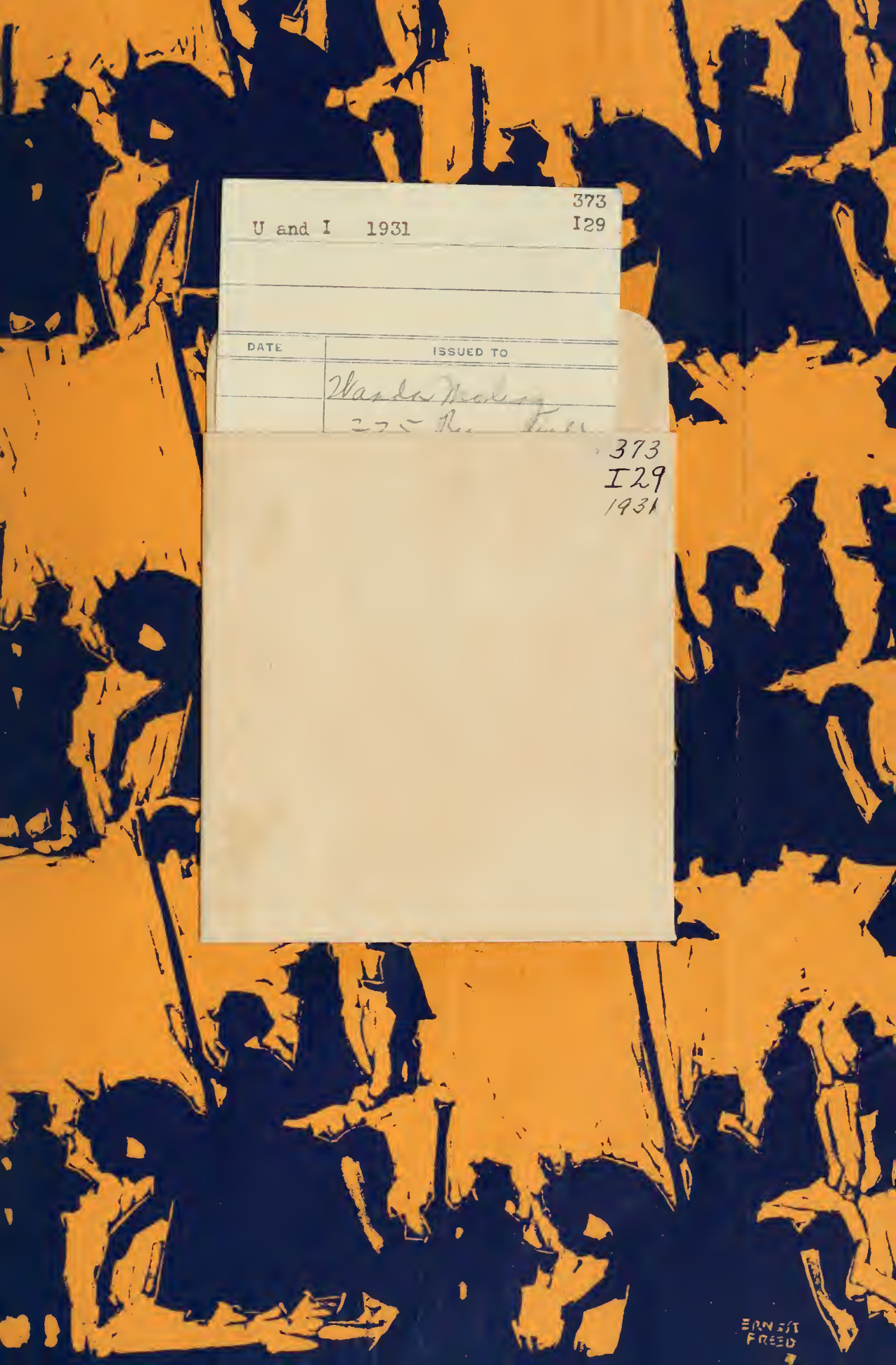
The Last Word

A certain wise man once said—as all wise men have the habit of saying—that the end must justify the means. You have come to the end. We hope that it is a sufficiently happy end to tempt you to linger overtime with us as we say the last word in justification of the means—The key to Room 312 has unlocked for us treasures of work and friendship. These have been enriched by the spirit of give and take within our own little circle and by the untiring and efficient work of Miss Zilly and Mr. Freed. We are grateful to our class for the trust they placed in us. We surrender the staff room key to the class of '32 and say to each other and to you

Good bye.

THE STAFF.

ERNST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